

DRAFT

Rehearsal Script

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PBC 1 - COLOUR

'DOCTOR WHO'

SERIAL 4F

by

Robert Banks Stewart

'The Secret of Loch Ness'
(Working Title)

EPISODE ONE

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A CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT.

DOCTOR WHO "THE SECRET OF LOCH NESS". EPISODE ONE BY ROBERT BANKS STEWART.

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
SARAH JANE SMITH
HARRY SULLIVAN
BRIGADIER
BENTON
HUCKLE
MUNRO
RADIO OPERATOR
ANGUS
THE DUKE/BROTON
CABER/ZYGON
SISTER WHITE/ZYGON

NON-SPEAKING:

UNIT SOLDIERS
ZYGON (DOUBLE)

SETS:

Tulloch Inn (Unit H.Q.)
Zygon Control Deck
Hospital Room
Hospital Corridor
Radio Room (1) + (2)
Oil Base Office

TELECINE:

Hillside
Coastal Rd + Sea Shore
Tulloch Village
Hospital Ext.
Oil Rigs (Stock)

'DOCTOR WHO'

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EPISODE ONE

SUPOSE CAM Opening
 Titles:

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Oil Rig. Dusk.

STOCK SHOT - possibly from
a helicopter - of a rig in
one of the Scottish offshore
fields.

Its giant legs and
superstructure stand out
gauntly in the fading dusk.
A chill wind blows incessantly,
but the weather appears
settled, and there's only
a slight swell.

Slowly CAMERA ENCIRCLES the
rig, solitary, alien, in a
wide expanse of sea.

END TELECINE 1:

1. INT. RADIO ROOM, DUSK.

(MUNRO, THE
RADIO OPERATOR, A
CHEERFUL SCOT WITH
TATTOOED ARMS, IS
CHATting TO
SOMEONE AT BASE)

MUNRO: Hey, and listen, Willie!
With tomorrow's supply 'copter, can you
not send us out a few haggis? The
chef we have doesn't ken the first
thing about...Willie? Hulloo, Willie,
can you hear me?

(THE RADIO HAS
GONE DEAD. THERE
IS JUST A NOISY
FLOW OF STATIC.

PUZZLED, MUNRO
CHECKS HIS
EQUIPMENT. THEN
TRIES AGAIN)

This is Charlie Rig to Claymore
Control - are you receiving? I say
again, Charlie Rig to Claymore Control
...do you read me? Over...

(SUDDENLY THE
RIG SHAKES.
MESSAGE PADS AND
PENCILS FLY FROM
HIM DESK)

TELECINE 2:

(MODEL SHOT)

On the huge steel legs of
the rig. There is a scraping
sound. The rig shudders.

END TELECINE 2:

2. INT. RADIO ROOM. DUSK.

(MUNRO CLINGS TO
HIS DESK FOR
SUPPORT. HE
LOOKS TERRIFIED)

MUNRO: I repeat...Claymore Control
and all shipping in the vicinity...
this is a Mayday signal...the rig
is breaking up...

(ANOTHER SHOCK
JOLTS HIM ACROSS
THE ROOM)

Mayday...Mayday!

(FROM O.S. TERRIFIED
CRIES FOR HELP CAN
BE HEARD. SOMETHING
STRIKES A BLOW
AT THE WINDOW.

MUNRO STARES AT
THE METAL SHIELD
BUCKLES INWARDS.
A HUGE, SCALY TALON
COMES INTO VIEW.

MUNRO GASPS AND
COWERS BACK)

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-5-
TELECINE 3:

(MODEL SHOT)

LONG SHOT. The rig is
disintegrating.

It starts to slide into
the sea with a roar.

END TELECINE 3:

TELECINE 4:

Jagged rock and dark peat pools. A few sheep graze forlornly. Suddenly - Tardis noise. The sheep scatter with startled bleats and the Tardis materialises, balanced at a precarious angle on a rocky hump.

The DOCTOR is the first to emerge, followed by SARAH and HARRY.

THE DOCTOR: Careful! We've not found the best landing spot.

The Tardis teeters.

THE DOCTOR: Well, don't just stand there, Harry. Fetch a rock and wedge it under.

SARAH: Are you sure this is Earth, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Calluna vulgaris!

SARAH: What?

The DOCTOR holds up a few sprigs of heather.

THE DOCTOR: Heather. Not the lucky white stuff but heather just the same.

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SARAH: You mean we're in Scotland?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I thought I smelled the tangle of the isles...or something. Do hurry up with that rock, Harry.

HARRY gives him a baleful look as he heaves a big slab of rock under one side of the Tardis.

THE DOCTOR: One of these days I must fit a proper set of feet... Quadruped...hydraulic...retractable.

HARRY: There. That should do it.

THE DOCTOR: Is it safe now? Splendid.

He re-enters the Tardis.

HARRY: Now what's he doing?

The DOCTOR reappears, winding on a long tartan scarf and wearing a majestic Tam o' Shanter.

THE DOCTOR: Native dress. We don't want to attract attention.

He hands HARRY a large pack. There is a direction-finding device on the back of it.

THE DOCTOR: Here, Harry, you can carry this.

HARRY: Thank you. You're very kind.

SARAH: What is it, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: It'll lead us to wherever the Brigadier is. UNIT are still signalling on the syonic scale.

HARRY: I hope he's not very far. This thing weighs a ton.

The DOCTOR points HARRY off down the hillside.

THE DOCTOR: Stop grumbling, Harry. We've come millions of miles - you can't complain at having to walk the last nine or ten.

HARRY: Nine or ten!

SARAH: Scottish miles, Harry. They always seem longer than English ones.

On Harry's look.

END TELECINE 4:

TELECINE 5:Ext. Tulloch Village. Day.

ESTABLISHING a small
fishing village.

CUT:

Ext. Tulloch Inn. Day.

The village hotel, with
a courtyard and outbuildings.

In the courtyard are a
couple of UNIT vehicles.

BENTON is supervising the
unreeling of a field
telephone cable towards
the Inn.

END TELECINE 5:

3. INT. UNIT H.Q. DAY.

(INSIDE THE INN
UNIT HAVE SET
UP A TEMPORARY
H.Q.)

IN A BACK ROOM
THE BRIGADIER,
WEARING SCOTS
GUARDS DRESS
UNIFORM, IS
STUDYING A
NORTH SEA OIL
MAP WHICH SHOWS
THE 'WAVERLEY
FIELD' BEING
EXPLOITED BY
A COMPANY,
'CLAYMORE OIL
CO.', WHOSE
NAME IS ON THE
MAP. WITH THE
BRIGADIER IS THE
OIL OPERATIONS
DIRECTOR, HUCKLE,
(A TOUGH, PAUNCHY
TEXAN)

HUCKLE : Three rigs destroyed in
a month, two of them ours, General.

BRIGADIER: Brigadier, actually.

(HUCKLE CHEWS
NERVOUSLY ON
AN UNLIT CIGAR)

HUCKLE: My company's lost millions.

BRIGADIER: The Government is equally concerned, I can assure you, Mr. Huckle. Especially over the loss of life.

HUCKLE: This keeps up, pretty soon there won't be a man willing to work out there....

(BENTON ENTERS
WITH THE CABLE)

BRIGADIER: Ah, Benton any news of the Doctor?

BENTON: Nothing, sir.

HUCKLE: Who's the Doctor?

BRIGADIER: All round scientific adviser. (FROWNS AT WATCH) He ought to have materialised by now.

(HE GOES OVER TO
INSPECT AN
ELECTRONIC DEVICE
THAT HAS BEEN
SET UP ALONG
WITH OTHER UNIT
EQUIPMENT)

Is this thing still working?

BENTON: Yes, sir.

TELECINE 6:Ext. Tulloch Inn. Day.

THE DOCTOR, SARAH, HARRY
being dropped from a Land
Rover. The driver, a
distinguished looking man
in tweeds, is the DUKE
OF FORGILL.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you for the lift.
That was most kind of you.

DUKE: Not at all. I had to come this
way in any case.

The BRIGADIER emerges from
the Inn with HUCKLE. They
shake hands and HUCKLE
goes off. The BRIGADIER
looks round and sees
THE DOCTOR.

BRIGADIER: Doctor! How long have
you been here?

THE DOCTOR: We only just arrived.
There was a slight hitch in our
travelling arrangements.

But The BRIGADIER isn't
listening. He is staring
at the DUKE.

BRIGADIER: Hullo, sir! How nice
to see you again...

DUKE: Aah...Lethbridge Stewart,
isn't it?

BRIGADIER: That's right, Your Grace.
My regiment was on exercises up
here and you -

DUKE: Yes, I remember. It was that
beastly winter a few years back.

SARAH: Your Grace? But you said
your name was -

DUKE: Macranald's the family name.
On more formal occasions I'm the
Duke of Forgill.

He gets back into his
Land Rover.

DUKE: I don't know what business
you have in Tulloch but if you're
free one day you must be my guests
at Forgill Castle.

SARAH: We'd enjoy that.

DUKE: Good. Then see you again,
perhaps.

He drives off.

END TELECINE 6:

4. INT. UNIT HQ. DAY.

(THE BRIGADIER,
SARAH, HARRY,
THE DOCTOR ENTER)

SARAH: I see you've taken to the
native dress, too, Brigadier.

BRIGADIER: Miss Smith, I happen to
have been assigned to UNIT from the
Scots Guards.

SARAH: Oh, sorry. I thought you
were doing a Doctor.

(THE BRIGADIER LOOKS
SCATHINGLY AT THE
DOCTOR)

BRIGADIER: Ridiculous.

THE DOCTOR: All right, Brigadier.
Just why have you brought us back
here?

TELECINE 7:Ext. Seashore. Day.

WIDE SHOT of the beach
and the waves rolling in.

Slowly the CAMERA PANS
out to sea. Something
white bobs in the water.

ZOOM CLOSE on the object.
It is a big polystyrene
box with "No. 2 RIG"
painted on the side.

As the box moves around
in the swell, we see there
is a man's arm dangling
from it ... a tattooed
arm.

END TELECINE 7:

5. INT. UNIT HQ. DAY.

BRIGADIER: All three rigs were in this area -

THE DOCTOR: Just a minute, Brigadier - just a minute! Do you mean to say you've dragged us back seventeen million miles just to deal with a little trouble at sea?

BRIGADIER: Three serious disasters -

THE DOCTOR: Good heavens, man, when I left the syonic beam I expressly said it was only to be operated in the most extreme emergency!

BRIGADIER: But, Doctor, this is an emergency.

THE DOCTOR: Oil is a primitive fossil fuel. It's high time Earth took steps to free itself from its idiotic dependence on a mineral slime that only leads to political squabbles and even wars. As I've often suggested, a far better course would be the energizing of hydrogen -

BRIGADIER: Doctor, the destruction of these rigs is a complete mystery. Do you want more men to die?

SARAH: The Brigadier's right, Doctor.

(THE DOCTOR
SCOWLS, THEN
LOOKS AT THE
WALL MAP)

THE DOCTOR: Oh, very well. Where do
we start?

6. INT. OIL COMPANY BASE. DAY.

(CLOSE ON SEVERAL
MODELS OF OIL
RIGS OF A SEA-
BLUE OPERATIONS
TABLE.

PULL BACK TO SHOW
DOCTOR WHO WITH
SARAH, HARRY, THE
BRIGADIER AND
HUCKLE.

WE ARE IN THE
MAIN OFFICE OF
THE CLAYMORE OIL
CO., WHICH HAS
WALL CHARTS,
SEISMOGRAPH AND
COMMUNICATIONS
EQUIPMENT)

HUCKLE: Here's the preliminary
medical report on the condition
of the bodies. They died the same
way as the others - exposure and
drowning.

THE DOCTOR: No signs of violence...
an explosion, perhaps?

HUCKLE: A few had minor superficial
injuries, that's all.

MARRY: Maybe I should have a look,
sir?

BRIGADIER: Good idea, Sullivan.
You cut off to the hospital and
we'll see you back at headquarters.

HARRY: Right.

SARAH: Wait Harry. I'll come with you as far as the village (TO DOCTOR)
See what I can find out from the locals bye!

(SHE EXITS WITH
HARRY.

THE BRIGADIER
PICKS UP
ONE OF THE
MODEL RIGS)

BRIGADIER: They're like giants in wellington boots.

HUCKLE: Correction ... concrete boots. Thousands of tons of it. Those babies are meant to be unsinkable.

THE DOCTOR: Well, obviously something can take the legs from under them.

HUCKLE: We spent a fortune proving the Waverley Field geologically sound. Everything is constantly checked for stability. Winds, currents, and slightest movement of the seabed...

(DOCTOR WHO
WANDERS OVER TO
LOOK AT THE
ELECTRONIC
EQUIPMENT)

THE DOCTOR: You say this radio blackout has happened before?

HUCKLE: (NODS) Each time a rig has disappeared.

THE DOCTOR: Any idea how wide a radius?

HUCKLE: We estimate twenty to thirty miles.

THE DOCTOR: No other craft in the vicinity? Nothing suspicious?

HUCKLE: The pilot of our supply helicopter had a clear view for miles when he left the rig. The sea was calm and empty.

THE DOCTOR: Except that the sea is never empty...

(HE THINKS)

7. INT. UNIT H.Q. DAY.

(SARAH IS ALONE
WITH ANGUS, THE
LANDLORD WHO IS
COLLECTING THE
DIRTY TEA MUGS
ON A TRAY)

ANGUS: That's right. Angus Beaton,
seventh son of a seventh son.

SARAH: They told me in the village
you have the second sight.

ANGUS: Yon fellow with you - the
Doctor. He looks like a man who
might see round a few corners
himself...?

SARAH: Quite a few.

(SHE STOPS IN
FRONT OF A
MOUNTED STAG'S
HEAD ON THE WALL)

That's a fine looking head.

ANGUS: Aye. Aye. Yon's a twelve
pointer. Brought doon by the Duke
of Fogill himself. He gave it to
the Inn just this last week.

SARAH: In the village they say you
had a vision of disaster for the
oil company?

ANGUS: Och, I wouldn't say a vision.
But only bad luck comes to those
who settle by Tulloch Moor.

SARAH: Really? Why?

PM

8. INT. ZYGON CONTROL DECK. DAY.

(WE ARE IN THE
ZYGON SHIP.
SOMEONE IS AT
A DESK WATCHING
A MONITOR THAT
SHOWS THE TULLOCH
INN WHERE SARAH
AND ANGUS ARE
TALKING.
WE ARE AWARE ONLY
OF A PRESENCE AT
THIS POINT)

ANGUS: The Moor is a strange, murky
place. When it mists over it is like
the steam from a witch's cauldron.
They say it's been accursed for
centuries. And now the evil spirits...
the bogles ... have been stirred up ...

PM

9. INT. UNIT HEADQUARTER. DAY.

SARAH: Evil spirits do not destroy
oil rigs, Mr. Beaton.

(SHE EXITS)

TELECINE 8:

LONG SHOT of a Land Rover driven by HARRY. As the vehicle passes the CABER steps from a screen of bushes. He is an enormous figure of a man dressed as a ghillie. He starts after the Land Rover.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

HARRY brakes suddenly, his attention on the beach. He stands up in the Land Rover and focuses binoculars.

His P.O.V. (MASKED)
Of the polystyrene box. It has been washed ashore. Half out of the box is the figure of MUNRO, the rig's chief.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

HARRY leaps from the Land Rover and runs across the beach. He reaches MUNRO and eases him from the box, dragging him up from the water's edge. MUNRO is pretty far gone but his eyes flicker open.

HARRY: Now take it easy, old chap. Don't worry ... I'll soon get you to hospital.

MUNRO: It's too late ...

HARRY: You'll be alright ... Tell me, what happened to the rig? Can you hear me?

PM

- 26 -

MUNRO: Didn't stand a chance ... it suddenly came at us ...

HARRY: What did?

MUNRO: (GROWING FAINTER) Smashed the rig to pieces ...

MUNRO's eyes close and his head falls to one side.

HARRY raises an eyelid to check. He is dead.

HARRY gets to his feet, turns to go back for the Land Rover. He takes a few steps, then suddenly halts, stares at something O.S.

Coming towards him across the lonely beach is a ZYGON, a creature with an octopus-like head, bright eyes and a mouth. Its body is a pulsing fluttering thing like a manta ray.

HARRY stands almost mesmerised by the sight of the ZYGON. He starts to back away, but the creature is too fast for him.

It CLOSES ON HARRY, enfolding him with its body, begins to crush the life out of him.

CUT TO:

- 26 -

PM

Another part of the beach. There is the SOUND of an engine and a Unit Land Rover with BENTON and three other SOLDIERS appears over a mound. It screeches to a halt, as BENTON shouts and points.

The SOLDIERS tumble from the Land Rover with their guns, begin to fire shots towards the ZYGON.

BENTON: Fire wide! Watch the Lieutenant!

The ZYGON flows over HARRY and escapes into the sea, vanishing as the bullets kick up the water.

BENTON runs to the inert figure of HARRY.

END TELECINE 8:

10. INT. UNIT H2. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS
BUSY WITH SOME
ELECTRONIC
EQUIPMENT. SARAH
ENTERS)

THE DOCTOR: And where have you
been?

SARAH: Down on the quayside.
The Brigadier was there to see
wreckage being brought ashore.
He was being very secretive.
Wasting his time.

THE DOCTOR: Oh?

SARAH: Might as well forget
security in Tulloch. Everybody
in the district knows all about
the latest oil rig. And the
landlord of this Inn has the
second sight ...

THE DOCTOR: I can see you've
been nosing around again!

SARAH: Journalistic curiosity.
Not that it's got me anywhere.
(PEERS AT EQUIPMENT) What's this?

THE DOCTOR: Part of a radio
probe system for checking evidence
of localised jamming.

SARAH: You believe those radio blackouts are deliberate?

THE DOCTOR: Must be. (TAPS EQUIPMENT) This should pick up and record any unusual electronic activity.

SARAH: Suppose it's simply jammed, too?

(THE DOCTOR GIVES
HER A FROSTY STARE
BUT, BEFORE HE
CAN REPLY,
THE PHONE RINGS
AND SARAH ANSWERS)

Greyhound? Yes ... (LISTENS)
What? Yes, I'll tell him.
(RINGS OFF) Doctor, that was Mr.
Benton. Harry's been attacked ...
He's in hospital.

11. INT. ZYGON CONTROL DECK. DAY.

(THERE IS AN EERIE,
ELECTRONIC SOUND
OVER THE SCENE
NOW - ALMOST LIKE
HIGH-PITCHED
GURGLES, RHYTHMIC,
MONOTONOUS.

SCREENS ARE
PULSING AND
OSCILLATING.

PULL BACK TO SHOW
THAT THE CONTROLS
ARE BEING OPERATED
BY TWO ZYGONS ...

ONE, BROTON, IS
~~THE~~ ZYGON LEADER)

BROTON: Strength?

ZYGON: Diastellic reading
seven-oh-three.

BROTON: Increase the sonic call
tone by three remars.

ZYGON: Increased diastole pattern ...
~~three~~ remars ... contact firm.

DF

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BROTON: Check directional
pulse.

ZYGON: Pulse correct to within
one mile. Closing.

- 31 -

DF

TELECINE 9:

Ext. The Sea. Day.

A SHOT of the open sea,
nothing on the surface,
SOUND of the eerie noise
from the laboratory.

CUT:

UNDERWATER SHOT
(SPECIAL F/X)

A fast, unidentifiable
object is rushing along
below the surface of the
water.

END TELECINE 9:

DF

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12. INT. OIL COMPANY BASE. DAY.

(HUCKLE IS LISTENING
TO A RADIO MESSAGE
FROM THE RIG)

OPERATOR'S VOICE: Claymore
control ... this is No. 3 Ben
Nevis rig ...

HUCKLE: Got you, Ben Nevis,
loud and clear ...

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13. INT. RADIO ROOM. DAY.

(THE OPERATOR LISTENS
TO HUCKLE)

HUCKLE'S VOICE: ...How is it out
there? How's morale?

OPERATOR: Everything's fine. Any
news of the investigations?

HUCKLE'S VOICE: Not much. The
Erigadier ---

(SUDDENLY HIS VOICE
IS CUT OFF. THE
OPERATOR TRIES TO
RE-ESTABLISH
CONTACT, BUT CAN'T
RAISE THE BASE)

OPERATOR: Hello? Hello?

(HE SNAPS ON
VARIOUS SWITCHES
ON THE ANTI-JAMMING
EQUIPMENT HE'S JUST
SET UP)

Claymore control, this is No. 3 rig ...
are you receiving ... over?

14. INT. OIL COMPANY BASE. DAY.

(HUCKLE AND HIS
COLLEAGUES ARE
TENSE, ANXIOUS)

HUCKLE: Great Heaven! It's
happening again. All their
equipment's gone dead. Quite dead...

15. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

(HARRY IS PROPPED
UP ON HIS PILLOWS.
HIS EYES ARE OPEN,
BUT THEY ARE
COMPLETELY BLANK.)

THE DOCTOR AND
SISTER WHITE ARE
BY THE BED)

THE DOCTOR: Hasn't he been able to
say anything?

SISTER: No, he's still in shock.

THE DOCTOR: Harry? Can you hear
me? Did you learn anything from the
radio operator?

(HARRY SHOWS NO
REACTION. SARAH
AND THE BRIGADIER
ENTER)

SARAH: Is he all right, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: He's conscious but his
mind's paralysed.

BRIGADIER: Now listen here, Sullivan!
Pull yourself together -

THE DOCTOR: It's no good, Brigadier.
He needs time.

BRIGADIER: Time is the last thing we have, Doctor. Another rig's just been destroyed!

THE DOCTOR: What?

BRIGADIER: The Ben Nevis rig fifteen miles west of the Prince Charlie - forty men aboard. It's completely vanished.

THE DOCTOR: The same pattern as before.

BRIGADIER: Exactly the same. Radio blackout then - nothing. That Huckle fellow's going mad.

THE DOCTOR: I'll come back with you.

SARAH: I'll stay with Harry.

THE DOCTOR: I was going to suggest that. When he does start to come round the sight of a familiar face might help.

SARAH: Right...I'll call you if there's any change.

(THE DOCTOR NODS.
HE EXITS WITH THE
BRIGADIER. SARAH
LEANS OVER HARRY)

Harry?...Harry, it's me - Sarah.

SISTER: I think you should let him rest. He is under sedation, you know.

SARAH: Yes...Yes, of course.

(SHE SITS BY THE BED)

TELECINE 10.Ext. Hospital Area. Day.

BENTON is waiting by the Unit Land Rover as the BRIGADIER and the DOCTOR come up. He reaches in and moves a lump of metal off a seat to make room for the DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR: What's that?

BRIGADIER: Part of the wreckage from the Prince Charlie. It's got some curious marks on it - look...

THE DOCTOR: Very curious...Mr. Benton, pop into the hospital and get a bag of plaster of paris, will you?

BENTON: Plaster of -

THE DOCTOR: I'm sure they'll have some to spare.

END TELECINE 10.

(onto page 39)

AB

16. INT. UNIT HQ. DAY.

(THE METAL HAS
NOW BEEN ENCASED
IN PLASTER AND IS
LYING ON A TABLE.

THE DOCTOR, THE
BRIGADIER,
HUCKLE AND
BENTON ARE LOOKING
AT IT.

ANGUS COMES UP
CARRYING A COAL
HAMMER)

ANGUS: One hammer, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Too big, I'm afraid.

(HE LOOKS
AROUND.

HIS EYE FALLS
ON SOME MOUNTAINEERING
GEAR ON THE WALL
NEXT TO THE STAG'S
HEAD.

AMONG THE
GEAR IS A PETON
HAMMER)

Never mind...This will do nicely...

(HE GETS UP
AND DETACHES
THE PETON)

AB

17. INT. ZYGON CONTROL DECK. DAY.

(BROTON IS
WATCHING HIS
MONITOR SCREEN.

ON IT WE
SEE THE DOCTOR
RETURNING TO
THE TABLE WITH
THE PETON HAMMER.

HE TAPS THE
PLASTER LIGHTLY
TO BREAK IT
FREE FROM THE
METAL)

BRIGADIER: Do you mind telling
us exactly what you're doing,
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: A little experiment
in odontology, Brigadier.

BRIGADIER: Odon-what?

THE DOCTOR: Scientific study
of teeth, Alistair. And this,
indubitably, is the cast of
a tooth - don't you agree?

(HE TURNS
THE PLASTER CAST
THE OTHER
WAY UP TO SHOW
AN ENORMOUS TOOTH)

18. INT. UNIT HQ. DAY.

(OPEN CLOSE -
ON THE STAG'S
HEAD STARING
GLASSILY.

THEN SUDDENLY
ONE OF IT'S
EYES MOVE A
FRACTION.

THE SMALL
GROUP ROUND
THE DOCTOR
ARE STARING
AT THE PLASTER
CAST IN STUPEFACTION)

HUCKLE: A tooth!... Doctor, you
can't be serious!

THE DOCTOR: Absolutely serious.
Very serious things, teeth.

BENTON: Especially that size!

HUCKLE: I'm dreaming. Are
you saying those rigs got chewed
up by a set of molars?

DOCTOR.WHO: (THOUGHTFUL) It
must be a sea creature of enormous
strength...bigger than anything
we've ever known.

BRIGADIER: A creature that
can black out radio signals?

THE DOCTOR: Perhaps a long-
necked plesiosaur, eh?

BRIGADIER: Impossible! They've
been extinct for millions of
years.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, quite. But
then...how many millions of
years old is oil?

19. INT. ZYGON CONTROL DECK. DAY.

(BROTON SWITCHES OFF
THE MONITOR)

BROTON: This one they call the
Doctor is a threat to us. Already
he has found out too much ...
I want him killed!

(HE TURNS AND WE SEE
HE IS SPEAKING TO A
ZYGON WHICH STANDS
SUBMISSIVELY BEHIND
HIM)

ZYGON: It shall be done, Broton.

BROTON: Immediately!

(THE ZYGON CHARGES
INTO THE CABER AND
EXITS)

20. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

(CLOSE ON HARRY'S EYES.
THEY ARE FLICKERING WITH
RECOGNITION AND HE
IS TRYING TO SPEAK.
PULL BACK TO SHOW SARAH
WITH THE SISTER)

SARAH: He's coming round!

SISTER: Doctor Sullivan ... how
are you?

SARAH: What did you find out, Harry?
Did the cook tell you anything?

(HARRY BEGINS TO
MUMBLE)

HARRY: He said ... rig was shaking ...
falling. Then ...

(HE BREAKS OFF. SARAH
LEANS FORWARD)

SARAH: And then what, Harry?

(HARRY STAYS SILENT.
SARAH TURNS TO THE
SISTER)

Keep trying. I'm going to ring the
Doctor.

(SARAH EXITS. WE HOLD
FOR A MOMENT ON HARRY
AND THE SISTER)

SISTER: It's all right, Doctor
Sullivan. You're quite safe ...
you're in a hospital ...

21. INT. UNIT HQ. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR, IS ON THE
'PHONE. THE BRIGADIER
AND BENTON LISTEN TO
A SPEAKER)

THE DOCTOR: You say he's coming
round? Splendid!

22. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY.

(SARAH IS TALKING
INTO A 'PHONE UNDER
A PERSPEX DOME)

SARAH: Yes ... He's trying to speak.

23. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

HARRY: Smashed the rig ... Nothing
left ... Poor fellow ... dying.
Exposure. Acute hypothermia ...

(CLOSE ON HARRY. HE
SUDDENLY STOPS,
STARES.

SISTER WHITE IS
CHANGING INTO A
ZYGON BEFORE HIS
EYES. THE ZYGON
LOOMS MENACINGLY OVER
HARRY)

DSH

-49-

24. INT. UNIT HQ. DAY.

DOCTOR: I'll be over right away.
And Sarah .

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25. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY.

SARAH: Yes?

(CAMERA ANGLES PAST
HER AS A SHADOW FALLS
ACROSS THE TOP OF
THE DOME)

DOCTOR: (FILTER) I think it would
be wise to keep his recovery dark for
the moment.

SARAH: Why? Do you think Harry's
still in danger from --

(SHE DOESN'T FINISH
THE SENTENCE.
INSTEAD, AS SHE
GLANCES UP, SHE
GIVES A SHOCKED GASP.
FROM HER P.O.V. --
DISTORTED THROUGH
THE PLASTIC DOME --
THE BLURRED FIGURE
OF A ZYGON DESCENDING
UPON HER. SHE SCREAMS...)

SUPOSE CAM

End
Titles:

FADE OUT